The Space Girl

by

Seth Kallen Deitch

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This book was created with Art Breeder and Perchance AI in concert with my own imagination.

Introduction

In the nineteen forties and fifties there was a ubiquitous type of pin-up girl seen in SF pulps. She wears a space helmet of course, but she also wears a bikini because to Hell with freezing and explosive decompression, these assets must be seen! Anyway, there she is floating in space ray gun in hand, sometimes being menaced by a bug-eyed monster of some sort. Her principal reason for existence is fueling the libidinous fantasies of propeller heads.

So my question was, were we to apply science fiction logic to this being, why and how would she exist? I know, I know…why does any pin-up girl exist? I'm obviously thinking with the wrong head, but it still makes for an amusing mental exercise.

I wrote this story in less than a week in 2017 and included it in my book ***"Who the Hell is Caldwell Bradnagel?"***. People seemed to like it well enough. It isn't an overly deep and thoughtful outing, but I had a few rules for creating this character. She could not be a ditzy sexpot. Her portrayal could not be degrading to women. She had to have a mission.

Illendi is strong, highly intelligent and single minded in the pursuit of her mission. The two more ordinary people who help her are almost incidental, but it is good luck for her that they are SF fans who are capable of understanding who and what she is.

The reason that this particular adaptation of the story exists was to see if I could plausibly illustrate a story with generative AI. I have illustrated dreams that way, but a more deliberately written tale is another matter. I will have to leave it up to the reader how successful I was in that regard.

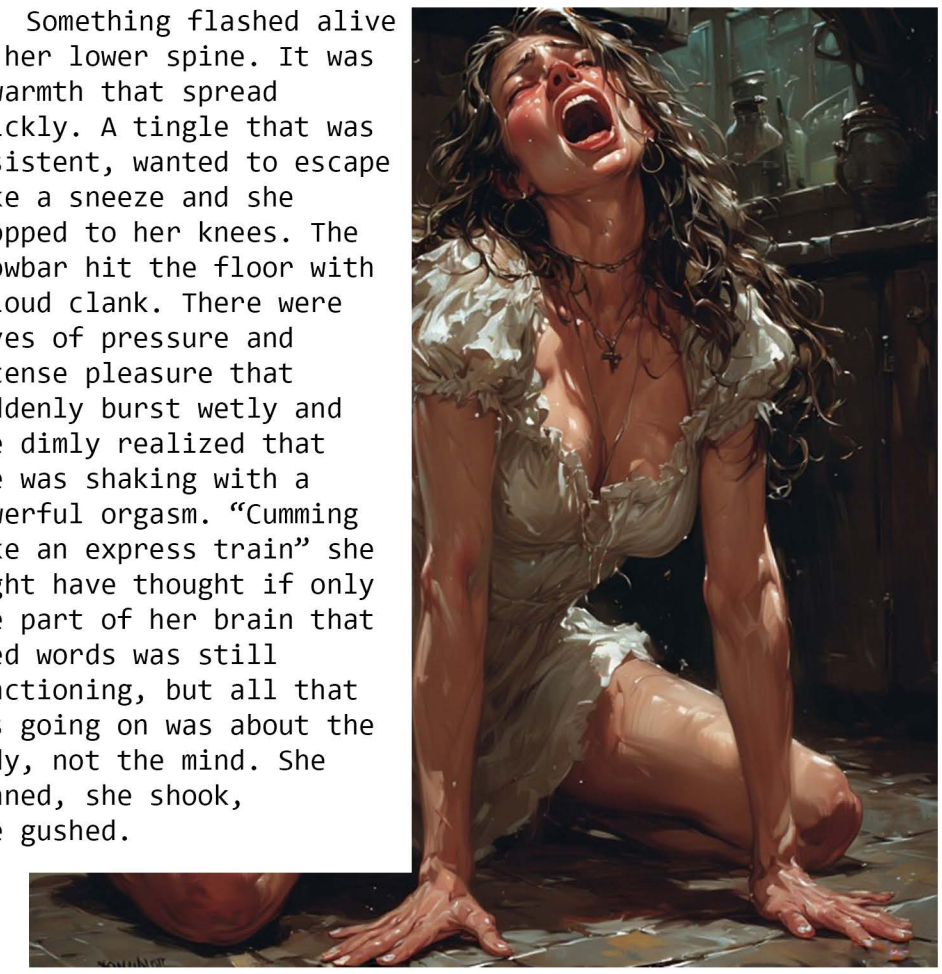
-Seth Kallen Deitch 8/18/2025

1 It had been a week since it had started, the noises in the house at night. Marjorie thought the first night that it was a minor earth tremor. Just a rattle in the dishes on the shelves, but it had happened every night right around the same time and there was a sense of a presence. She wasn't one of those nervous types that couldn't sleep when her man was away, and he had been away for a month now. He was called back to Federal Emergency service to help with hurricane clean up on Texas coast. Even so, she picked up the short crowbar she kept in the bedroom when she got up. "Just in case" she thought.

Tonight the sound seemed localized in the living room and she saw a dim light from around the corner. She realized that the computer was on. Silently she looked around and saw...what the hell was that? A figure that rippled like water standing by the computer. Human shaped but…like a…well, like a ghost. A soft high pitched sound escaped her mouth and it turned. The face was changing. Like it was a hundred different people who each had one instant of existence. It raised a hand that held something that looked like a wand.

As usual, Tasha, the world's most useless watchdog was whimpering under the bed. "Don't worry girl", she whispered, "Mama will protect you."

Something flashed alive in her lower spine. It was a warmth that spread quickly. A tingle that was insistent, wanted to escape like a sneeze and she dropped to her knees. The crowbar hit the floor with a loud clank. There were waves of pressure and intense pleasure that suddenly burst wetly and she dimly realized that she was shaking with a powerful orgasm. "Cumming like an express train" she might have thought if only the part of her brain that used words was still functioning, but all that was going on was about the body, not the mind. She moaned, she shook, she gushed.



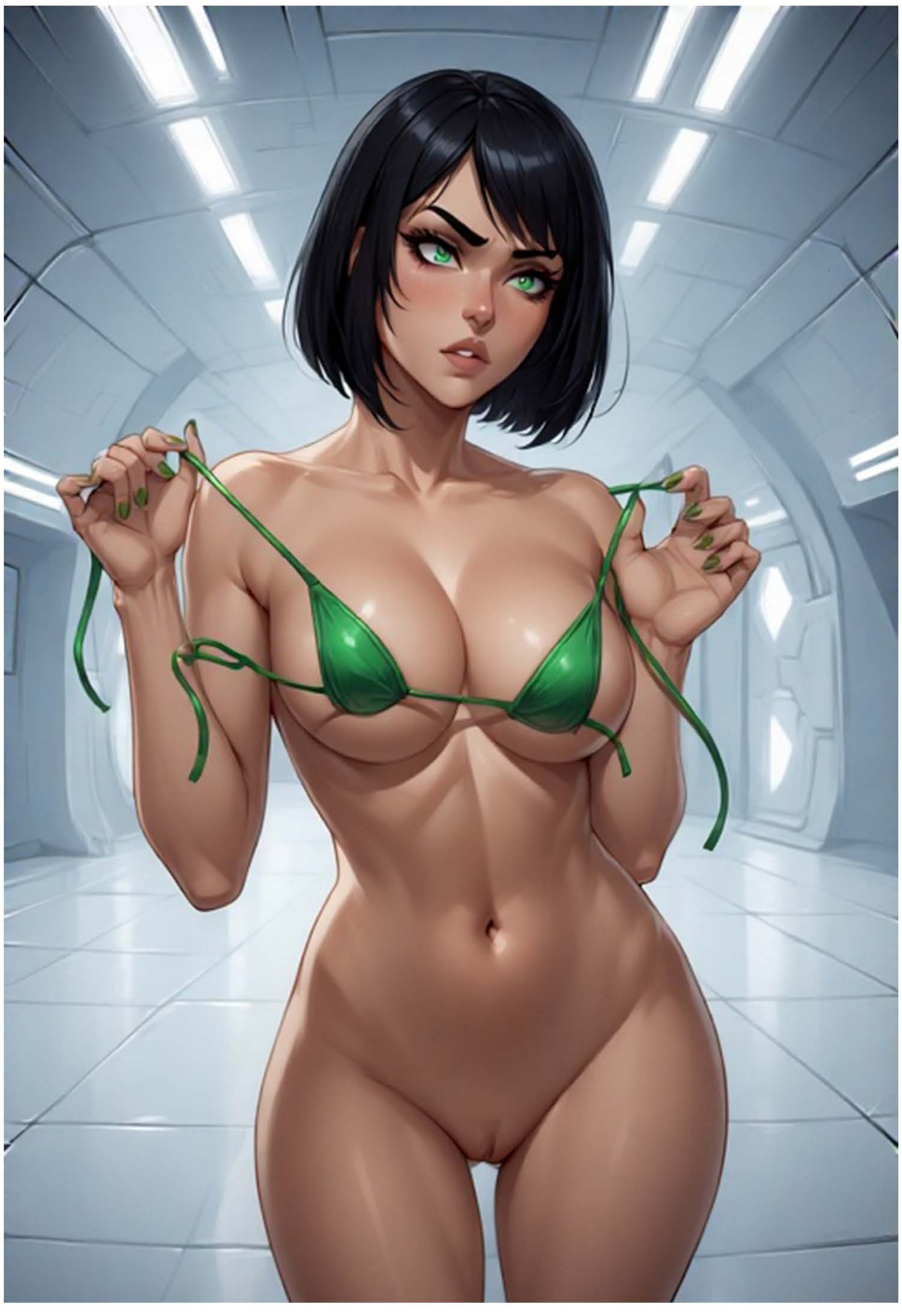
She was laying in her stomach when she found herself again able to function. Tasha was sniffing curiously at the puddle she had made on the kitchen floor.

2 Illendi sat unclothed as she awaited her supplies for the trip which she knew would be minimal. More often than not she would only wear her collar, gun and boots and be otherwise nude. In full presence crosstime transfer, every milligram of mass counted.

An Auditor only wore clothing if it was for environmental protection or needed for disguise against the locals. Where she was going it was the height of summer and Illendi required no disguise as she closely matched the most common ethnic type of the target timeline although she was in noticeably better health than the great majority of them. Knowing that, she was curious as to what supplies might be.

Masdon finally appeared and it looked like he was had nothing with him until he held out his hand. “This will be your required costume. In order not to draw unwanted attention, this is the bare minimum costume required for a woman on this timeline. It is called a ‘thong’ in case anyone asks.”

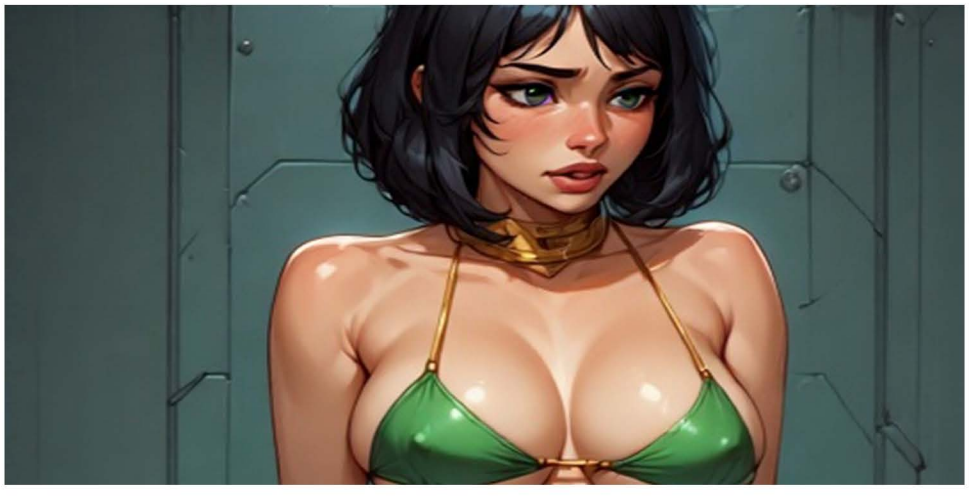
Illendi took the triangles of cloth and strings and said, “How do I…?”

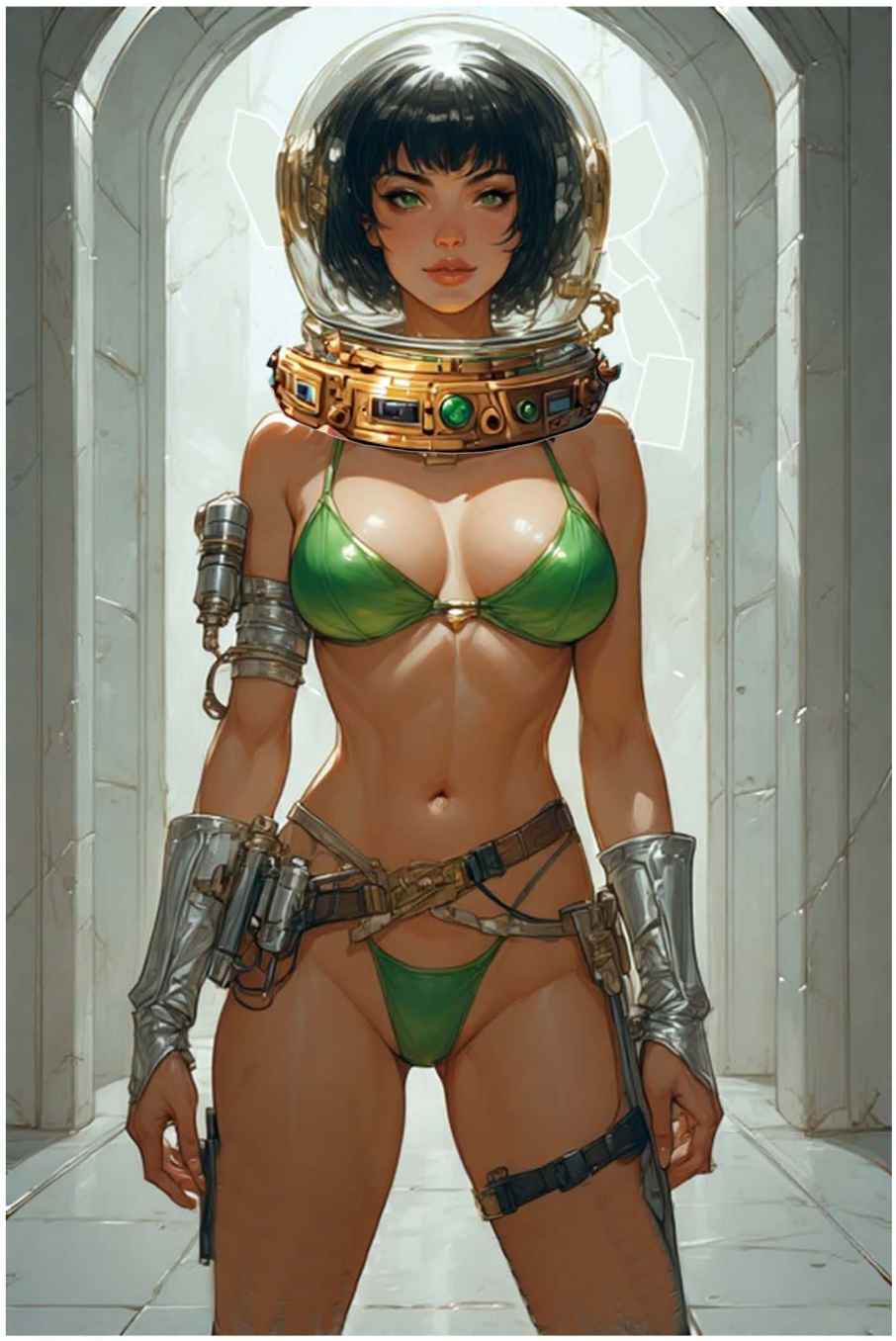


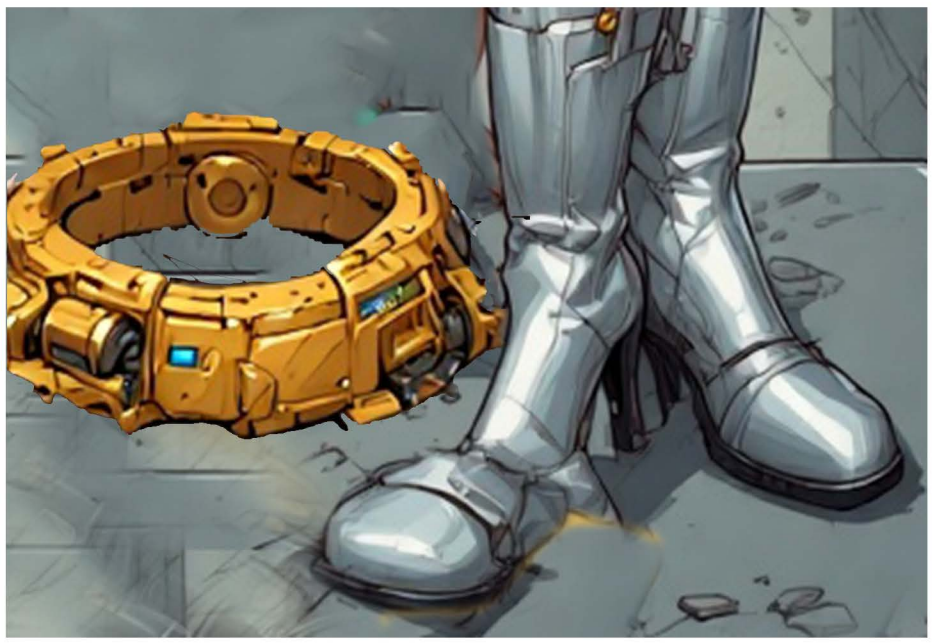
“Your breasts go in those cup-shaped affairs. It ties around your back and neck. The other piece is a pair of pants with no leggings.” She put on the skimpy garments. The top portion came down very low on her breasts, right to the top of her aureolae. The bottom was a triangle of cloth that covered the area of her vulva and was held on with strings that left her buttocks almost entirely uncovered with just a string running up the divide.

“You realize that the difference between this and nude is almost nothing, right?”

“One shouldn’t waste one’s time attempting to apply logic to foreign customs. The outfit weighs only thirty-one grams. It will keep the cost of transfer low.”

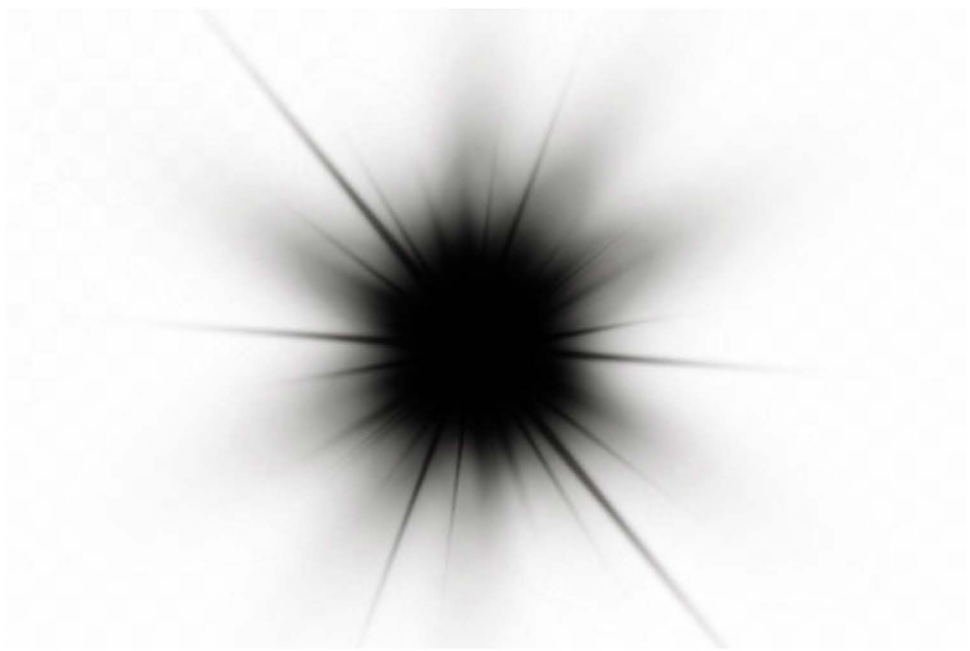


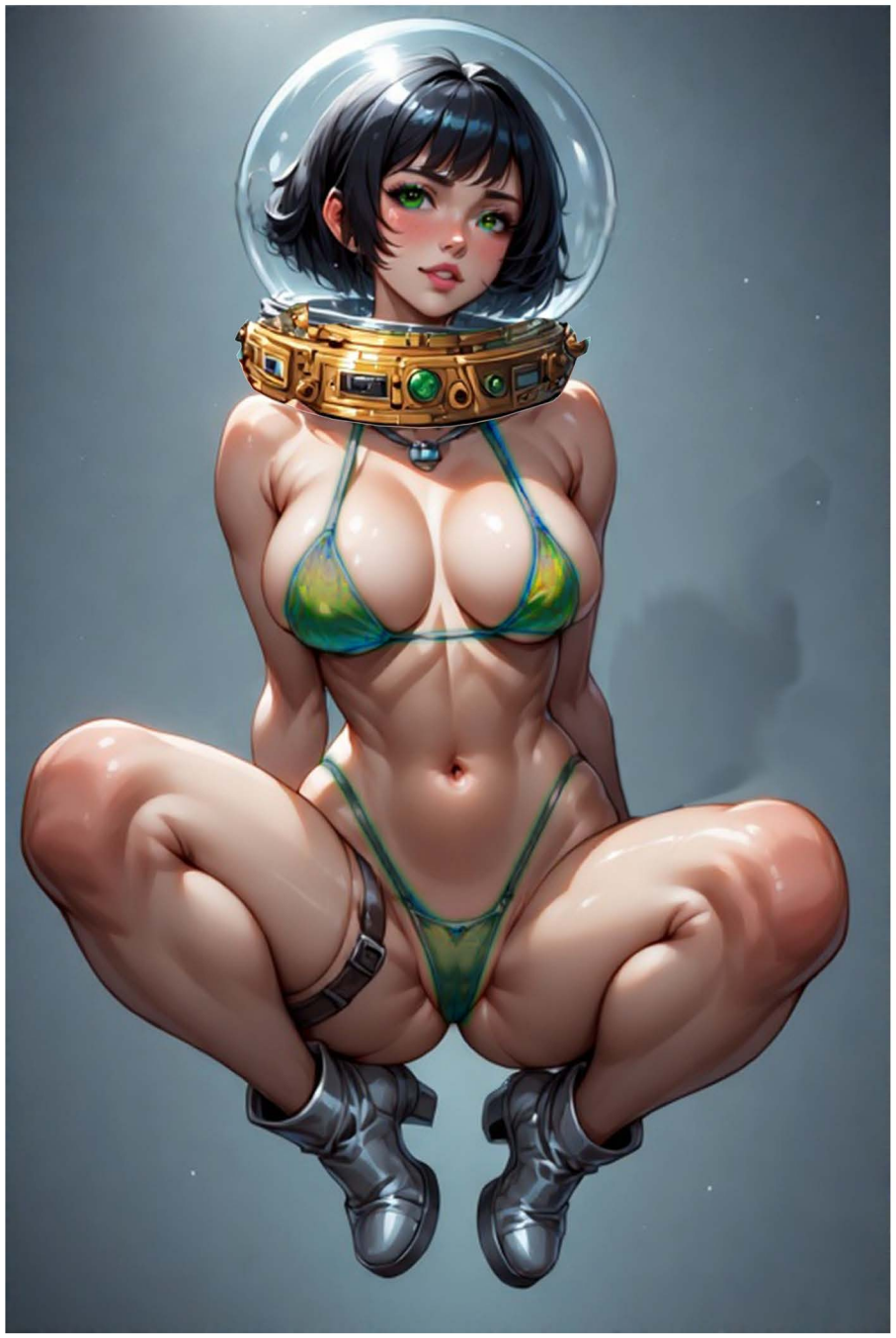




Illendi also put on the levi-boots and her control collar strapping its small tanks to her l eft arm. Finally she strapped her gun and holster to her right thigh. She received the signal that her orders had been transferred to her collar. She tapped it and the clear envelope covered her head. Her levi-boots came on and she lifted half a meter off of the floor, floating with her knees bent as if in free fall. “Ready.” She said.

Masdon repeated “Ready.” And she vanished from the world.

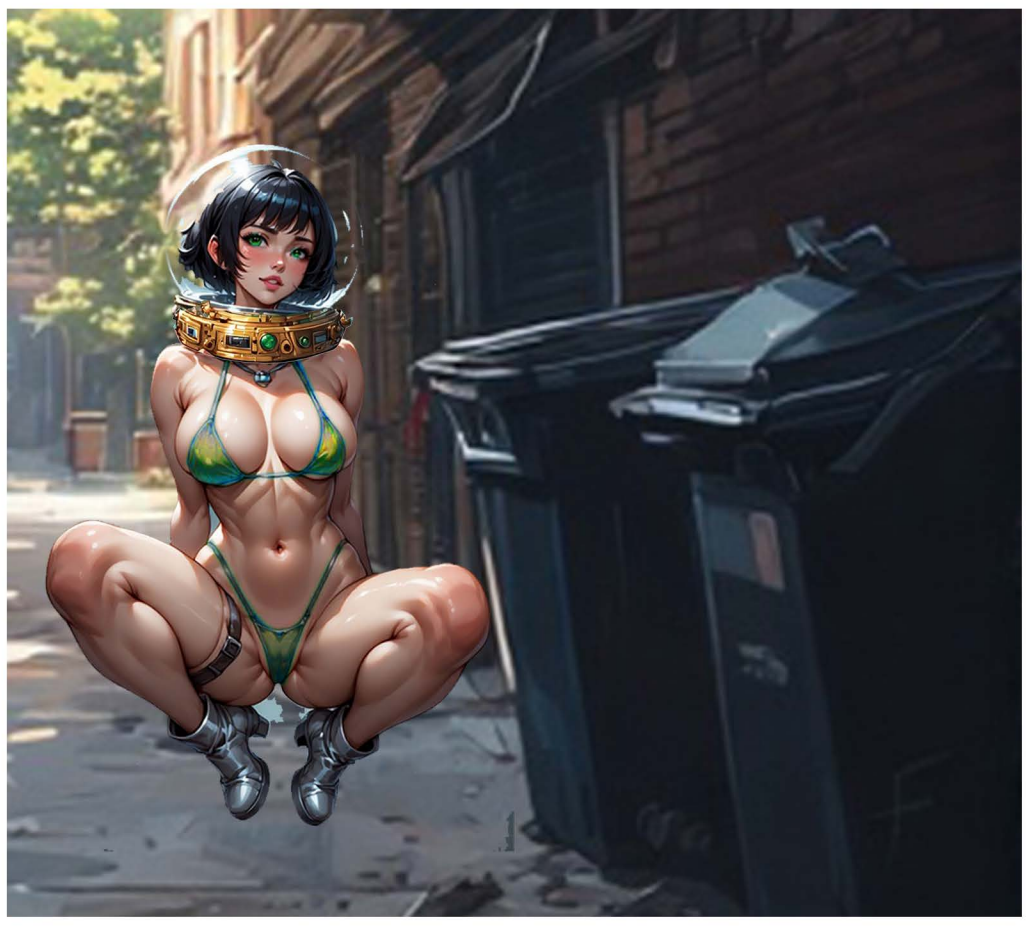




3 Jason Bennett was having a good day. He had spent twelve bucks at the used book store, but had gotten some real treasures. Slaves of the Klau by Jack Vance in a nice British edition, a hardback copy of Eric Frank Russell’s Men, Martians and Machines, a replacement in good condition for his coverless copy of The World of Null-A by A. E.Van Vogt and the real prize, a copy of The Efficiency Expert by Edgar Rice Burroughs. This last he wasn’t in a big hurry to read. It was a short crime novel by the creator of John Carter of Mars, but he now had a complete collection of all of Burroughs’ books! Yes, it was a good day. Good paperbacks from the ‘50s and ‘60s were getting harder to find, or at least find for cheap.

If you were to see Jason on the street, you wouldn't think much of him, a mop of curly brown hair, a brave attempt at a beard, round about the middle, but still with a spring in his step and young enough to wake up optimistic every day. Aside from blogging about the Golden Age of Science Fiction, he had accomplished exactly nothing with is life and was unbothered by that fact. The main thing Jason had going for him was his flexible mind. He was pretty much ready to deal with anything,mentally at least. That was good news for him given what lay in his path.

On this day when the sun was shining just a little brighter for Jason, an odd sound came from the alley on Twelfth Street as he was walking past. Just enough of a clatter to cause him to turn his head. A space girl! She was a freaking space girl! She floated as if weightless beside the dumpster. She was not just a female astronaut in a bulky EVA suit. She was something out of a ‘40s SF pulp cover with a bubble dome space helmet and a ray gun strapped to her thigh but otherwise dressed in the very skimpiest of bikinis and a pair of silver high heeled boots. She wore that bikini very well indeed! She had the body of buxom lingerie model and the face of a goddess! She had deep jade-green eyes. Her wavy raven hair was cut just short of shoulder length. Jason neither blinked nor rubbed his eyes lest he deprive himself of even a second of this image.



It took a few seconds for her to notice him there following her every ample curve with his eyes, but she smiled when she saw him. She touched the complex looking collar of her space helmet and gracefully dropped on her feet to the sidewalk. “Glidis!” she said. Jason just stared. “Saluton!” she said and held up her hand. Jason was still speechless. “Privyet?” she ventured uncertainly. She wrinkled her brow and touched her collar again. A tight beam of blue light shot out from it scanning the surroundings and coming to rest on a sign warning of a fifty dollar fine for parking on weekdays. “Ah!” She said. “English!”

Jason showed some awareness finally. “Hello! Do you speak English?” She asked in a perfect English accent.

Jason Bennett nodded “Yeah! I speak English.”

“Oh!” She said, and then switched to an American accent. “American English! I am Illendi.” She stepped closer with her hand extended. She was his same height of five foot nine in her heels. He took her hand. Her skin was soft, but her grip was firm.

“My name is Jason.” He said. In his mind he felt he spoke too loudly and too fast. He worried that he might not smell that great, like sweat and the two slices of pizza he had for lunch.

Illendi looked around noticing that she was starting to draw curious and lascivious glances from passersby. “Is it safe here?” She asked.

“Um, you are going to get a lot of attention dressed like that. I don’t know if it’s attention you want.”

“You mean sexual attention?”

Jason swallowed. “Y-yes. Sexual.” He squeaked a bit on the word sexual.

She frowned. “I’m on duty. I have no time for recreational mating.”

“On duty? Where are you from? Are you really a space girl?”

“I’m not from this space.”

“OK, I was thinking that you are some cosplayer out for some fun, but between that floating In the air thing and the way you are talking, I’m wondering if you might not be something else.”

“Cos-player.” She said the word slowly. Her eyes scanned a block of text in a foreign language that briefly flashed on the inside of her helmet. “Yes, I am something else.”

“Well, maybe you should change clothes.”

“This is all I have. It only weighs thirty-one grams.”

“I totally believe you.” He was starting to suspect that she might not be mentally all there. Why would a woman who was Victoria’s Secret model hot be wandering around the streets in a space helmet? “Can I take you someplace? Where are you supposed to be?”

“I need to be wherever the phasma is. I could use a base to work from.”

Jason grinned. “You could always come to my place.”

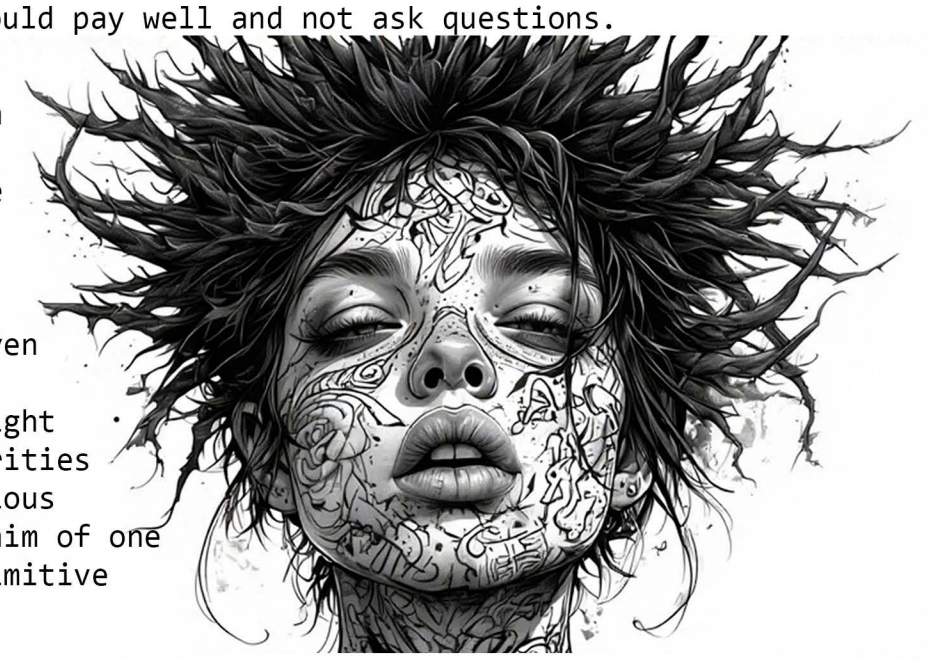
4

Goozy looked over her prizes in satisfaction. She was getting the hang of things now and had been able to mirror out more tradable artifacts on this run. Her previous profits had not been great, but this last had paid off well with a few really exotic pieces. Of course she wasn’t equipped to actually move mass from timeline to timeline or even make real physical contact. Even if she had had the equipment, the power consumption would have gotten her identified and arrested very quickly. Just using a simple phasmic transfer rig was almost impossible to spot from the originating end and the natives of the other timeline were generally too afraid to approach her even if she was seen. She did gazm a native on this run, but more because she was surprised and panicked rather than from any actual threat. It didn’t really matter, the mirror goods were perfect replicas down to the molecular level.

Gasm gun

There were a few books printed in the native language of the timeline, a simple electronic device that was designed to control an entertainment system at a distance, some reflective discs that she believed were visual recordings, An animal figure made of glass, some clothing and some household items that she had not determined the purpose of. She had connections with collectors who would pay well and not ask questions.

All of her equipment was made from modified common devices. The transfer mechanism was an over driven kitchen disposal that was manually tuned to an inhabited timeline and had its aperture stretched large enough to accommodate a human albeit at much lower power. The mirror fabricator was built based on plans from a student science project. The gazm gun was just a part from an old gaming interface. Unlike a projectile weapon, it could still be effective even with a very incomplete transfer. Even if Goozy was an insubstantial wraith, she could still gazm a native who might make trouble. Go ahead and let them report to their authorities that a ghost had made them climax. Even in very superstitious societies that sort of thing needed more than just the claim of one person. A phasma has never been caught by natives or a primitive timeline.



Goozy donned a short pocketed kilt and slippers and had her skin implants apply a pattern to the rest of her skin to complete her street clothes. She gathered up her swag and headed out to Toliti's place expecting no less than two hundred Drams.

5

On the way to his apartment, Jason texted Becca. She was good at getting to the bottom of things. She replied that she would be over in an hour.

Illendi looked around the apartment. Her face showed that she was fascinated by the place, but Jason could see that she als found it quaint. She pointed to a shelf of action figures. "Household gods?" she inquired.

Jason smirked. "Sort of." He pointed to the couch. "Make yourself comfortable"

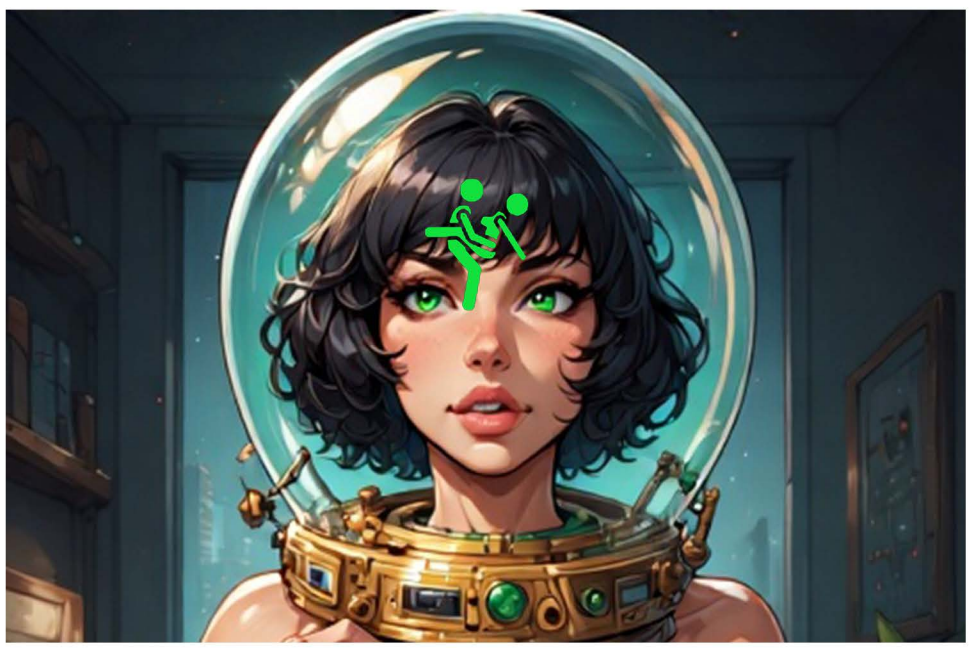
Illendi touched the collar of her helmet and the transparent dome vanished leaving only the collar which she lifted off and placed on the couch beside her. She quickly removed the top of her bikini releasing her large, firm and quite perfect breasts. Jason was momentarily struck dumb. He had certainly seen a pair of tits before but none quite like these …well not in person at least…anyway he didn't want to take advantage of someone who might be mentally ill. With deep regret he blurted, "You had better put that back on,Becca is on the way over."

She looked puzzled for a second and then remembered that she had the skimpy covering in deference to local custom. "Forgive me. I didn't mean to offend!"

"Offend! That's not it, I'm not offended…"

"Where I come from I am seen as being a paragon fitness and health." She put the bikini top and helmet collar back on as she spoke. "An Auditor has to meet a very high standard, but perhaps I don't match your aesthetic."

Jason smirked. "You're just fucking with me, right?"



Illendi touched the collar."Fucking?" The dome reappeared with text flashing on it for a second accompanied by a brief pornographic animation. "The use of 'fucking' in this context is perplexing. Clearly we are not at this moment engaged in…"

"No, no, no. It's just a figure of speech... wait...could we be?"

“I’m on duty, and as well...” She gestured toward Jason.

He glanced down at his pizza-fed portly frame. There were only a few guys on the planet who rated a woman like this and he was miles away from being one of them. “Yeah, I get it.”

“Do you? It’s that you’re a native. It’s against policy.”

“Right. Um, look, do you usually run around naked?”

“Run around? We have no cultural prohibition against wearing just our skin, but most of us don’t on a daily basis. I came here by a crosstime transfer. It takes a huge amount of energy to move every gram of mass from one plane to another. The Bureau of Audit tries very hard to keep expense low. We can take only our minimum equipment, usually only my collar, boots and weapon. Most of the time on missions I will wear no other clothing at all or as in this case, the bare minimum to not defy local standards. ” A hint of pride crossed her face. “At home you would find me to be a very fashionable dresser. I assure you that I can look very good indeed.”

Jason was starting to believe that this woman was at very least quite foreign even if the tale of exactly where she came from was absurd. “By our standards you look very, very good even wearing nothing, maybe especially wearing nothing.”

Again she favored him with her dazzling smile. He was hypnotized by it for a few seconds. The doorbell rang.

Jason found Becca standing there. “So wassup?” She asked. “Did you find something at the book store you had to show me right away?” She went right past him into the living room, spotted Illendi and stopped short, eyes wide. “Hello!”

“Hello.” Answered Illendi.

“Jason, please introduce me to your friend.” Jason and Becca had a mutual attraction that they had never acted on, but she always got a little jumpy when he was around other women. Illendi made her jumpier than most.

“Becca, this is Illendi. Illendi, this is my friend Becca. Illendi is from outer space.”

Becca spoke to Jason, but she did not remove her eyes from Illendi. “Shut the fuck up!”

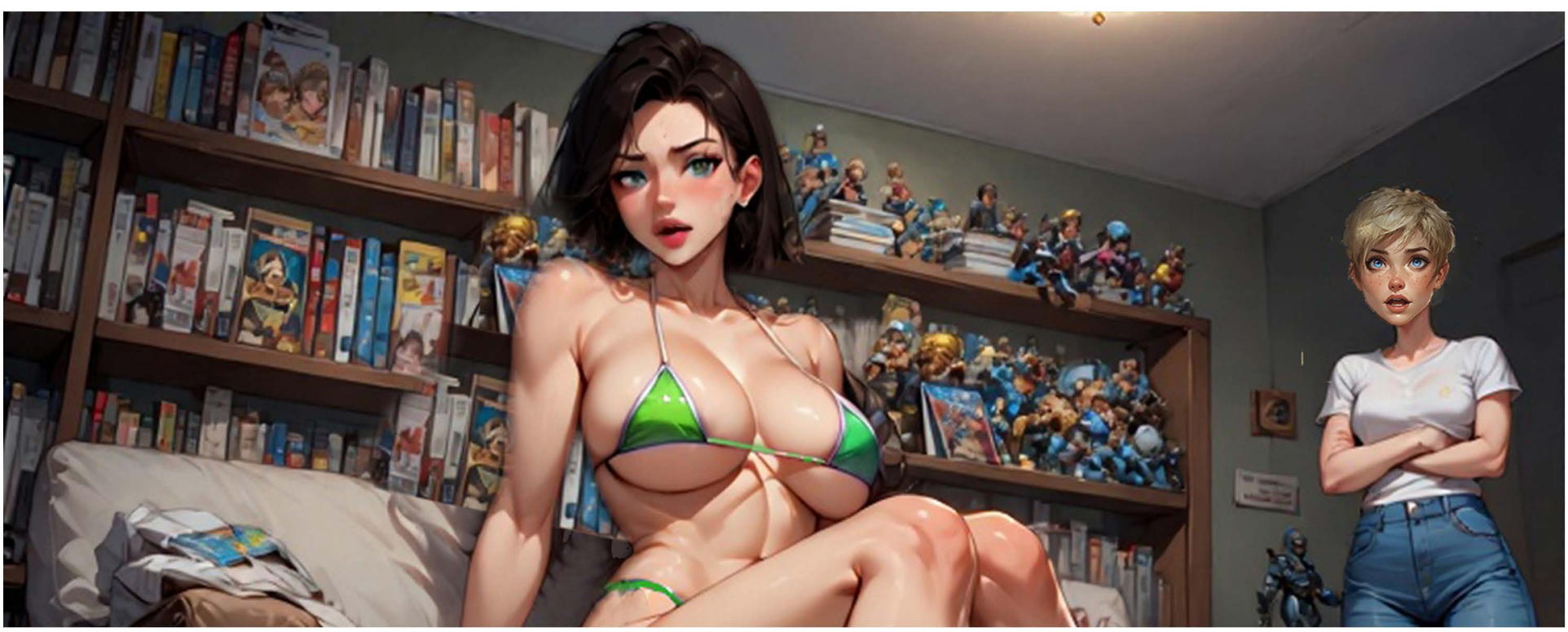
“Not outer space, Jason.” Corrected Illendi, “Another space. A parallel continuum.”

“So let me get this straight...” Becca asked with sarcastic skepticism, “You brought home a bikini girl from another dimension. What a load of crap!”

Jason glanced over at Illendi. “Do the floaty thing.” She touched her collar and floated off the ground. This time Jason noticed that she was not just lifted against gravity, but that gravity around her was somehow cancelled her hair floated loose about her head and her breasts buoyed upward slightly.

The “floaty thing”

“Holy shit!” breathed Becca softly. Jason noticed that Becca couldn’t take her eyes off of Illendi’s body. She had never shown any signs of being attracted to other women and he didn’t think she was in this case either. She was comparing herself, point by point with the space girl and finding herself wanting at every point. Jason had always found Becca quite attractive. She was supple and slender with tiny, but nicely shaped boobs. She often said that she had never owned a bra. She had large expressive blue eyes and a cute blonde pixie cut. To him she looked like an anime girl come to life, but if you put her right next to Illendi she looked like a pale little stick figure and she knew it.



“I think that will do it.” Said Jason. The space girl once again alighted on the floor. She removed her collar and placed it on the coffee table and relaxed onto the couch. Her posture was casual, but it was obvious that just about any pose for her just seemed highly sexual.

“So Illendi”, said Becca. She paused. “By the way,is that your first or your last name?”

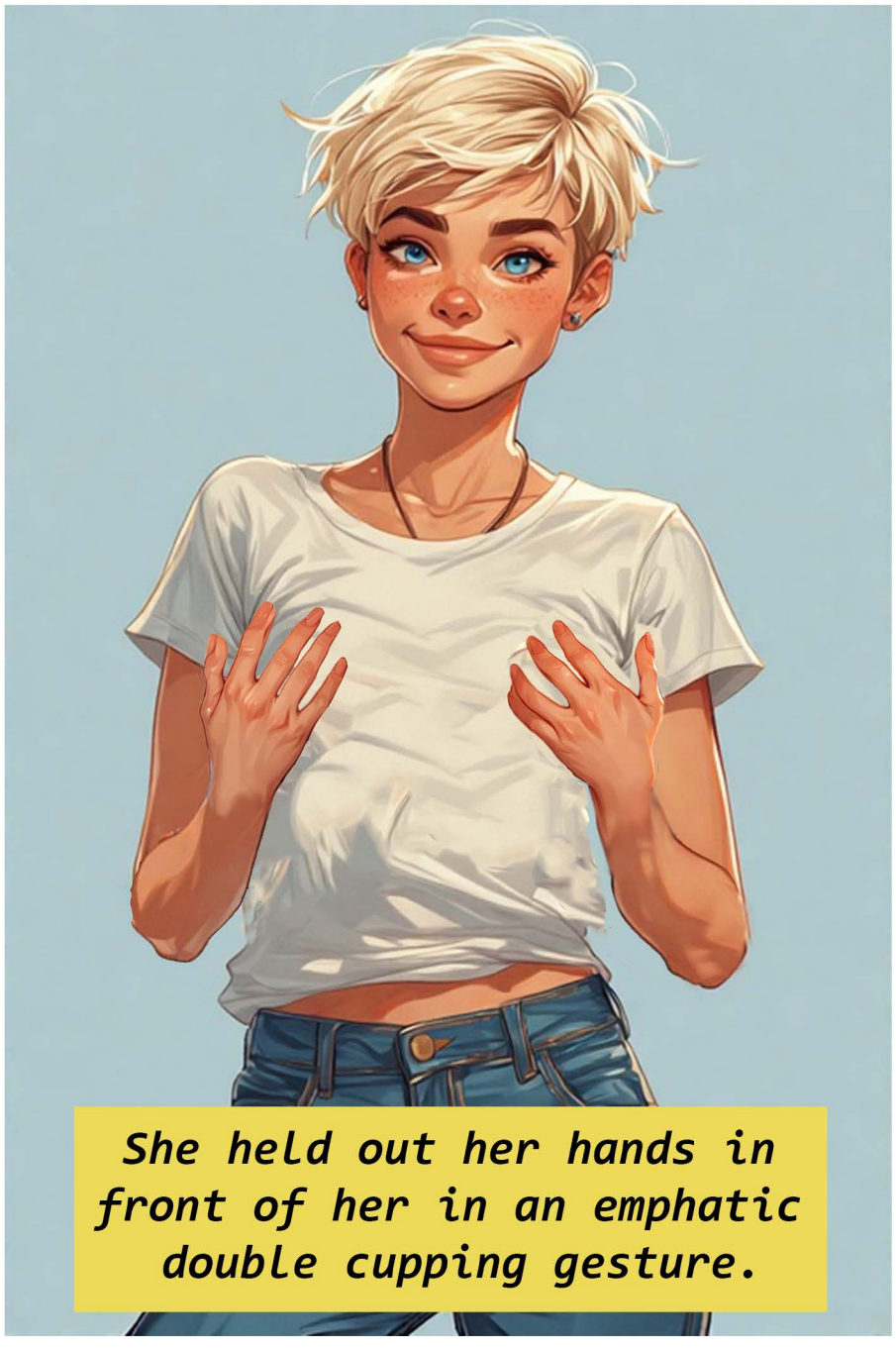
“It is my only name. I have a creche number, but it isn’t used socially.”

“I see. So what brings you here?”

“I am an Auditor, I am hunting a phasma. Jason graciously offered his home to me as a base of operations.”

“I’ll bet he did! What’s an Auditor or a phazim?”

“Phasma.” She picked up and put on the collar again and touched it so the transparent bubble appeared. Text flashed on the inside. “An Auditor is like what you would call a police officer or maybe a government agent. A phasma is a ghost.”



“You are a cop from another dimension hunting a ghost.”

“Yes.”

“This is so cool!” spewed Jason.

Becca rolled her eyes. “It is kind of.” She admitted grudgingly. “Who am I kidding? It’s pretty fucking awesome! Are you sure she isn’t a crazy person?”

“You saw the floaty thing.”

“Right... How can I help?”

“Can you lend her some clothes?”

She looked at Jason incredulously. “She’s almost a foot taller than me! Not only that…” She held out her hands in front of her in an emphatic double cupping gesture.

“You must have something!”

Becca gave an impatient grunt, but she left.

Jason looked at Illendi. God, she was magnificent! How do mere humans get that perfect? It wasn't only her health and sexuality. She radiated a supernatural confidence an ease of being that made her seem more goddess than woman. "What's it like where you come from?" he asked.

"I'll need some reference." She said and picked up he collar again and made the bubble helmet appear.

"Why do you need a space helmet, but no space suit?"

"It's not a 'space helmet'. It is my control collar. Computer, communications, translation, defense all in a single light weight device. Even in my world it is the very highest technology available only to a few. It has an extendible bubble display that can show me data and also filter impure atmospheres."

"Uh-huh."

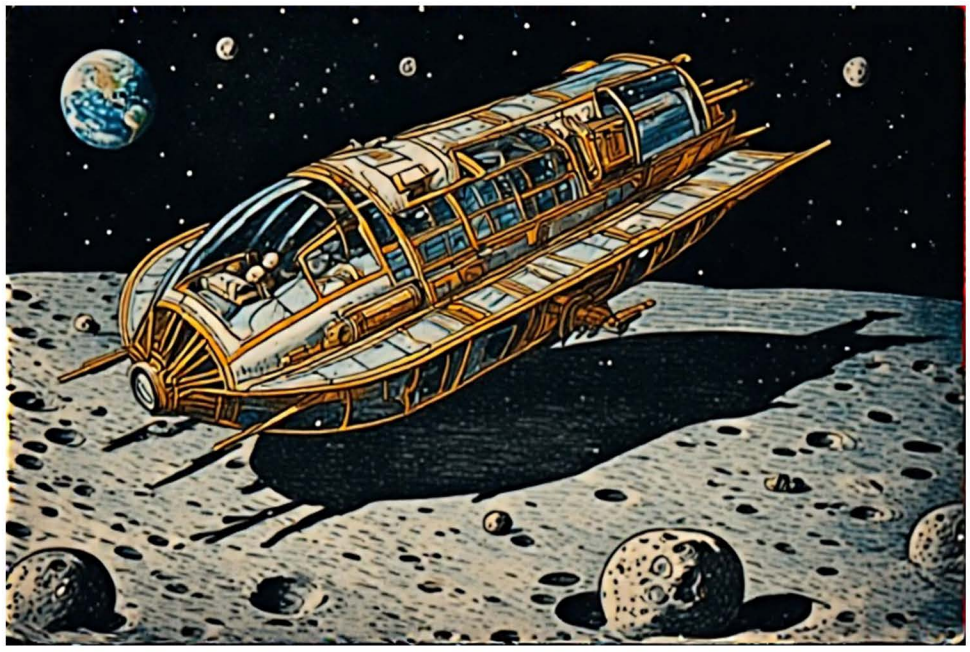
"In your world, Chinghis Khan's armies turned back from Europe in 1240. In mine they pressed on until they reached the Atlantic. They didn't take Britain until a century later. By then the empire had been divided with Europe as a separate khanate. Christianity went into eclipse and over time Islam rose to be the religion of Europe although they retained Christian dating. The empires didn't last and both Europe and Asia broke into smaller khanates. Science came into prominence earlier than it did in your world as it was a value in Islam but suspect in Christianity. The first Europeans visited the New World in the early 1400's , but unlike in your world the missions were to establish trade and open diplomatic relations. Like in your world, they still brought disease with them. the effect on the nations of the New World started to collapse as huge epidemics raged through them, but the European khanates supported and rebuilt them thus cementing a permanent friendship."

"So you are Muslim?"

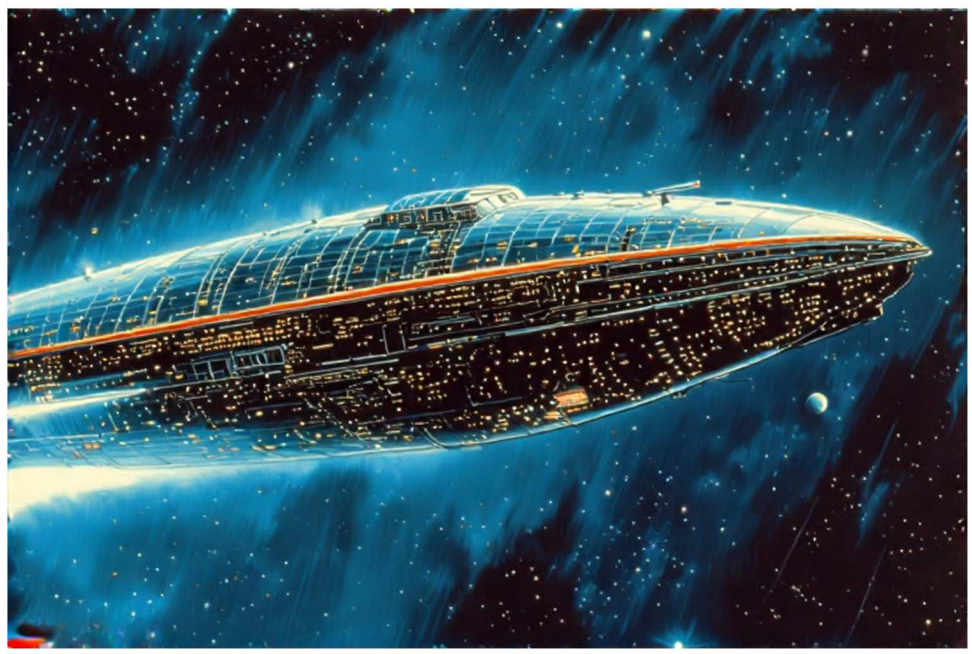
"Islam is the default Western religion. When my people think of something being religious, they are envisioning Islam, but our society is overwhelmingly secular."

"And no war against the American Indians."

"Indians" she repeated and a line of text briefly flashed in her helmet. "Ah! Alsbaruns ! No. A healthy trade started on the Atlantic. The civilizations of both continents was much enhanced. Science continued to advance. Our industrial revolution happened in the sixteenth century. Germ theory of disease around the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Antibiotics were discovered in 1622. The world was electrified by the end of the seventeenth. The first nuclear reactor was built



in 1748, Humans visited the Moon in 1757, Mars in 1780, net communication by 1800. the first human made object left the solar system the same year."



"Holy crap! That just happened for us."

"I know. We discovered parallel continuua by accident in the early 1800s around the same time that world government was established. By 1899 we had spread our culture across six timelines and several planets. That culture is of course a large blanket that encompasses literally thousands of subcultures as vast as your whole world culture. Our world is several levels above yours in complexity."

Jason was realizing that they must consider his entire world as a very minor player, perhaps even as disposable! He shuddered slightly.

"Are you cold?" asked Illendi.

Becca was back in fifteen minutes and before long had Illendi in a pleated skirt that was barely long enough on her to cover her gun and a t-shirt that didn't cover her navel and was stretched near the limit by her bosom. The collar with the bubble turned off looked like some absurdly huge piece of jewelry. Becca looked her over. Her sarcasm was palpable. "Well, she looks all ready for her porn shoot. She won't stand out a bit."

The weapon bulged under the skirt. "What is that thing anyway?" She asked.

"It's a Space Gun."

"Of course it is." She sighed.

6

Illendi spotted the story herself while Jason was showing her how to use the Internet. What they had where she came from didn't require a keyboard or a monitor or a computer. Jason was like a caveman showing a civilized person how to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together.

A friend posted a news of the weird type story on his Facebook timeline and Illendi spotted it immediately.

"A man appeared at an emergency room this morning complaining of pain in his pelvic region. He said he had seen a ghost in his house that pointed at him and caused him to ejaculate for over five minutes. "It was only pleasure for the first minute." He said, "It turned into pain pretty quickly after that and then agony!" The 31 year old man who asked that his name not be revealed is being treated for damage to his genital tract."

"Gazm gun." Said Illendi. "That is the work of the phasma."

"What's a 'gazm gun'?" Asked Jason.

"It is a weapon. In my world, only Auditors and other authorized persons can have weapons. All real weapons are made with trackers and they won't function without them. Criminals must make weapons. A gazm gun is one of the easiest to make. They are almost complete as an element in entertainment systems for erotic stimulation. All one needs to do is remove the buffering filter and you have a weapon that can incapacitate most people. It projects a radiation that affects the lower spine causing a neural overload resulting in a powerful orgasm. There is no long term harm to a woman, but it can really damage a man."

Jason looked appalled. Becca said, "Ha! I'd like to see that! Have you ever gotten shot with one?"

"Yes. Auditors in fact take several hits from gazm guns during their training so they can learn to handle it."

"Even the men?"

"All Auditors are women."

"Do they all look like you?" asked Jason.

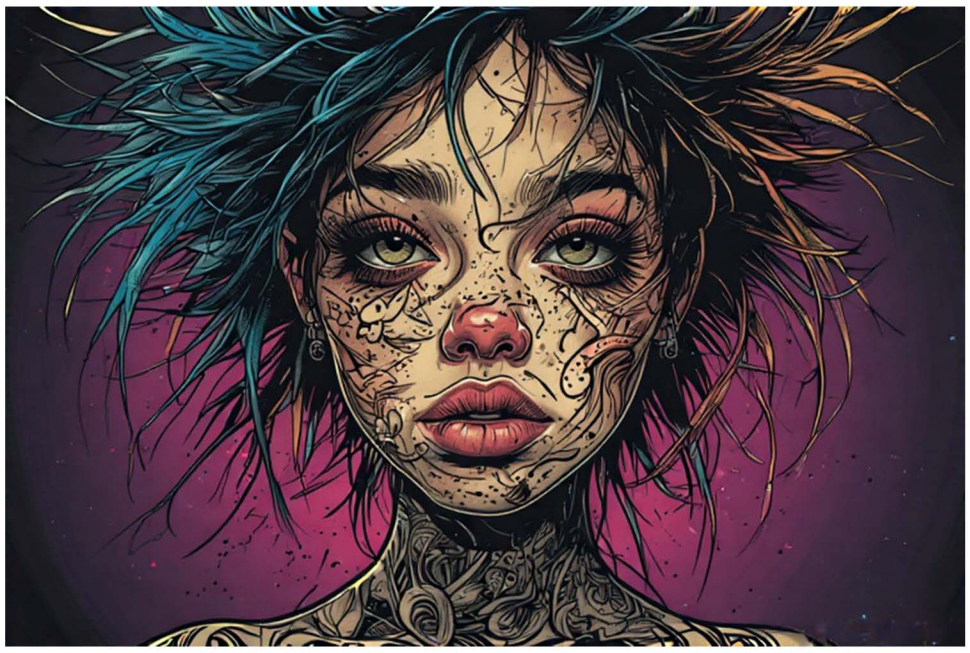
As Jason imagined it

"More or less." Jason's eyes glazed over a bit as he thought about beautiful Auditors in training firing orgasm guns at one another and just cumming and cumming! He was snapped out of it when Becca spoke up.

“How do we find your man?”

“The Phasma isn’t a man. She’s a street urchin named Goozy. Hundreds of minor offenses to her credit. I’ve met her before. She just recently branched out into crosstime violations. I have to find out where that man is hospitalized.”

Jason thought it was going to be impossible without a name. There were three hospitals in town and there was a byline on the story. A quick email to the reporter got them the name of the hospital and the first name of the victim.



It was a double room at St. John’s but only one bed was occupied.

“Are you David Wallner?” Asked Illendi.

The guy looked up at her and said, “Goddamn! I have the worst friends in the world! The last thing I want now is a stripper!”

“Hey!” exclaimed Becca, “She’s not a stripper. She’s a detective.”

The man gave a humorless bark of laughter. “Right! You’re not bad, you’re just drawn that way!”

Illendi looked very confused. Jason told her “It would take too long to explain.”

The Auditor asked him “can you tell me about the ghost you saw?”

“Do you believe in ghosts?”

“That depends on what you tell me.”

Both Jason and Becca were impressed at what a no nonsense cop Illendi was.

“I already told the cops and they just laughed at me. They think I’m just covering up some embarrassing sex escapade. As if this weren’t embarrassing enough on its own.”

“I won’t laugh.”

The fact is, it would have been hard for any male to deny Illendi what she asked for. A guy instinctively wants to make a pretty girl smile.

“It was a couple of hours before I normally get up, but I heard a noise. I went downstairs and saw…a figure. It was all wavery, but I got the impression that it was a girl. She seemed like she was doing something with my coin collection. I thought at first she was robbing them, but she wasn’t. She would hold up a coin next to a shiny card…something like a shining card and it would make an image of it like a mirror. Then she would reach into it and pick up the reflection!”

Illendi nodded. “You interrupted her.”

“I yelled ‘Stop!’ She turned at pointed at me and… I jizzed! I jizzed hard and I kept jizzing for a long time. It started hurting real bad and I passed out from the pain. I came to a little later and drove myself to the hospital. I hurt all over inside around my bladder and my balls ached really bad. I had been squirting blood at the end there. They say I’m going to be alright, but right now it really stings when I piss and I don’t think I’m going to want any sex for a long time.”

“Did she finish with the coins?”

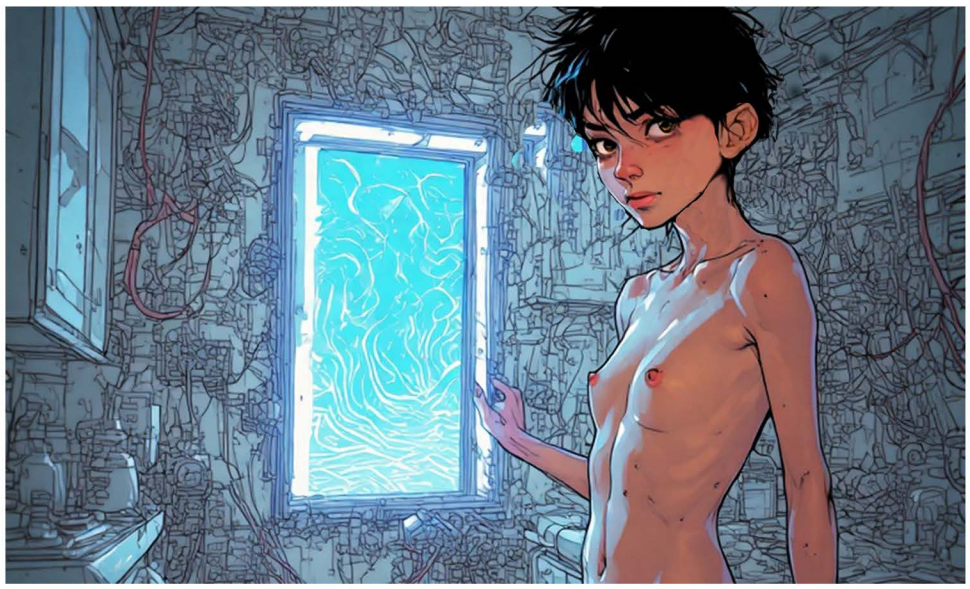
“She vanished in a flash right after she pointed”

“Where do you live, David Wallner?”

8

Goozy was thrilled! Toliti had paid sixty Drams each for the metal discs! There was no question that she had to get more of them.

She angerily hoped that she had permanently broken the plumbing on the native that interrupted her! It was too easy to get distracted and lose the connection.



She traveled too heavy last time. This time it would be just her in her skin with the mirror box and the gun. She could mirror more of the coins at once if she had less mass.

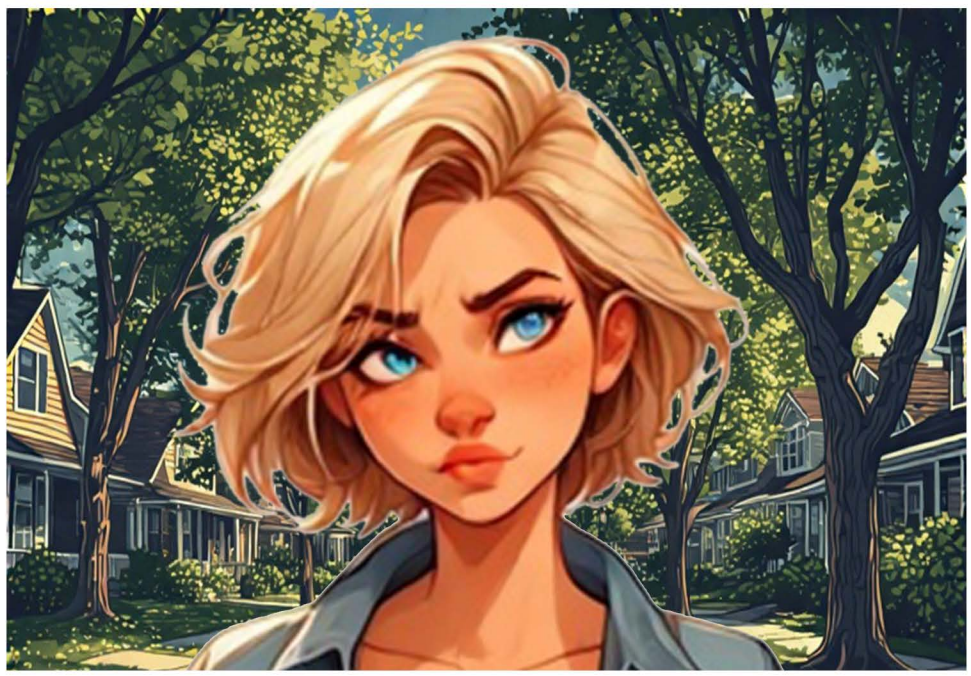
If she went right away the native who owned the house would likely still be incapacitated. She set her implants to give her a tight complex pattern that would darken her skin considerably and hopefully make her less visible.

9

Becca was in disbelief as Illendi unlocked the door. “He just gave you the key! I don’t understand.”

“I do.” Said Jason. “She’s the kind of woman that gets guys to give her what she wants.”

“The men of this continuum are very cooperative.” Remarked Illendi.



“It doesn’t seem fair.”

“You two didn’t have to come.” Said Illendi. “It would have been safer if you hadn’t.”

“You must be high if you think I would miss this.” Jason replied.

Becca nodded her head in agreement. “No way were you going to get rid of us!”

Wallner was obviously doing alright. The place was a three story brick townhouse in a toney looking condo complex. Inside there was nice modern furniture. Nothing from Ikea or even Pottery Barn. The coin case was still open on top of a cabinet in the living room. A coin was on the floor and Jason picked it up. It was a 1955 Franklin half dollar. He put it in the drawer of the box that had a separate slot for each coin. All were filled. “None of the coins are missing” He observed.

“No. Of course not. Goozy can’t actually take them.” Said Illendi.

“I don’t get it.”

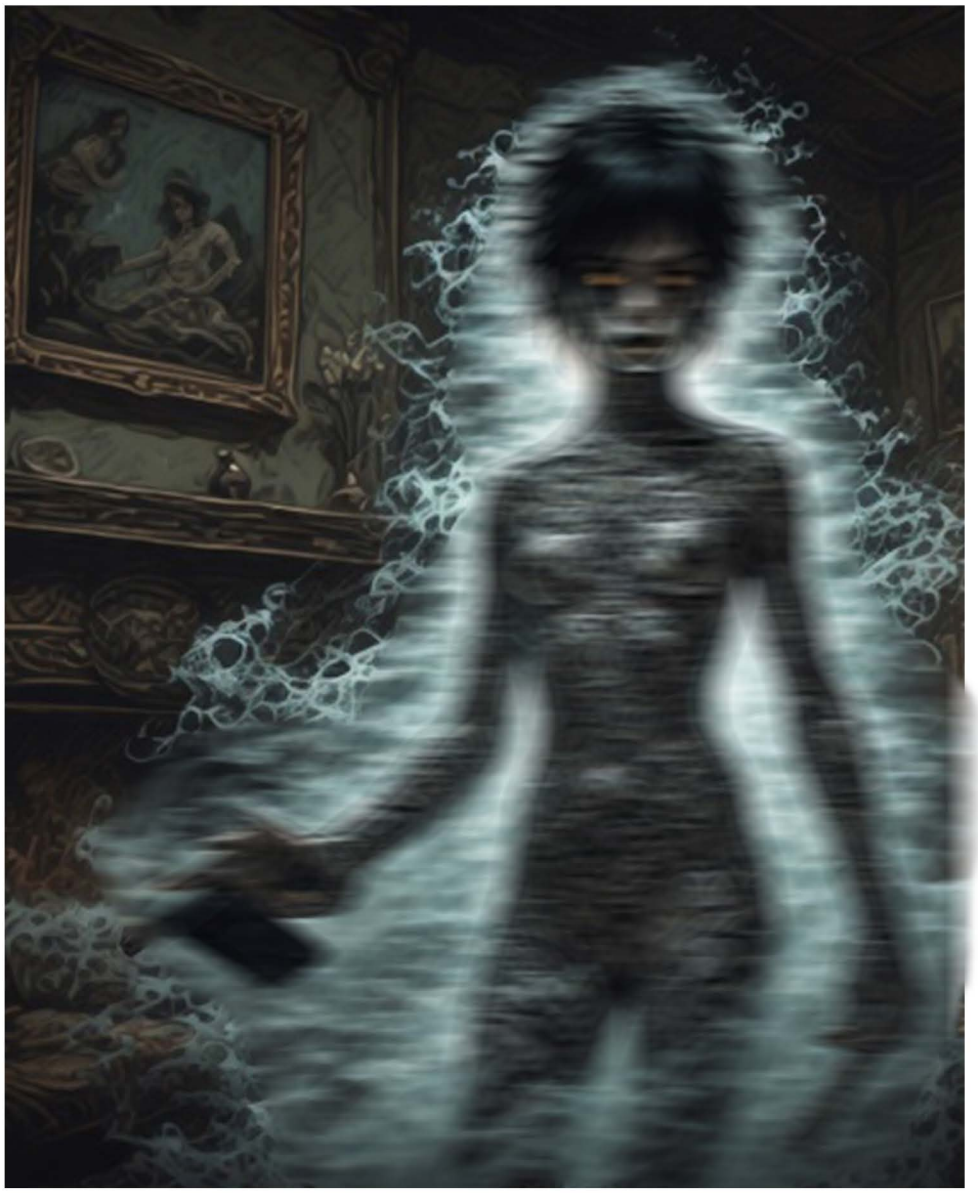
“It takes too much energy to carry dense matter from continuum to continuum. The energy usage would register to the authorities and she would be arrested. Instead she uses a mirror box, a device that duplicates it in the home continuum.”

Becca was befuddled. “So she isn’t actually taking anything? Why is that a crime?”

“For several reasons. It is damaging to the economy to flood it with valuables from other worlds, contaminants can come over with it like disease germs we have no protection against, they terrorize persons on other continuua and also risk making them aware that other contunuua exist. That is intelligence that we guard as closely as we can. Persons on very few other continuua have learned of the existence of other worlds. The most important breach was in 1896, but as of yet those who became aware at that time have only very primitive means of exploiting it. It is my job to make sure incidents of that sort are minimized.”

Something funny happened in a corner of the room. It was like looking at the air above a barbecue grill, all wavery. “You two stand back!” Exclaimed Illendi.

A dark figure stepped out of the wavery air. A slender, dark human, about five foot three. Jason couldn’t make out much in the way of features, but it did have the look of a female ghost. Kind of ectoplasmic with odd bits of distortion floating around it.



Illendi’s body was suddenly like a coiled spring and she floated up into the air. She touched her collar and the bubble of her helmet appeared with a plethora of text readouts appearing and disappearing rapidly on the inside of it. Suddenly she shot forward and tackled the ghostly figure pushing her straight through the distorted area and dropping her to the carpet now fully in focus.

At first Jason and Becca thought she was wearing a form fitting leotard, but they both realized that she was actually completely nude and covered in an intricate tattoo. She was a teenage girl and she looked angry. She snarled something in a foreign language at Illendi. Illendi snarled back equally incomprehensible sounds.

The girl looked about and saw Jason and Becca and looked scared. A pop and a flash of light and Becca was suddenly on her back arching her spine and letting out a high pitched wail that didn't sound exactly like pain. "Oh my fucking God!" She cried. Then she gasped out, "Jason, run!"

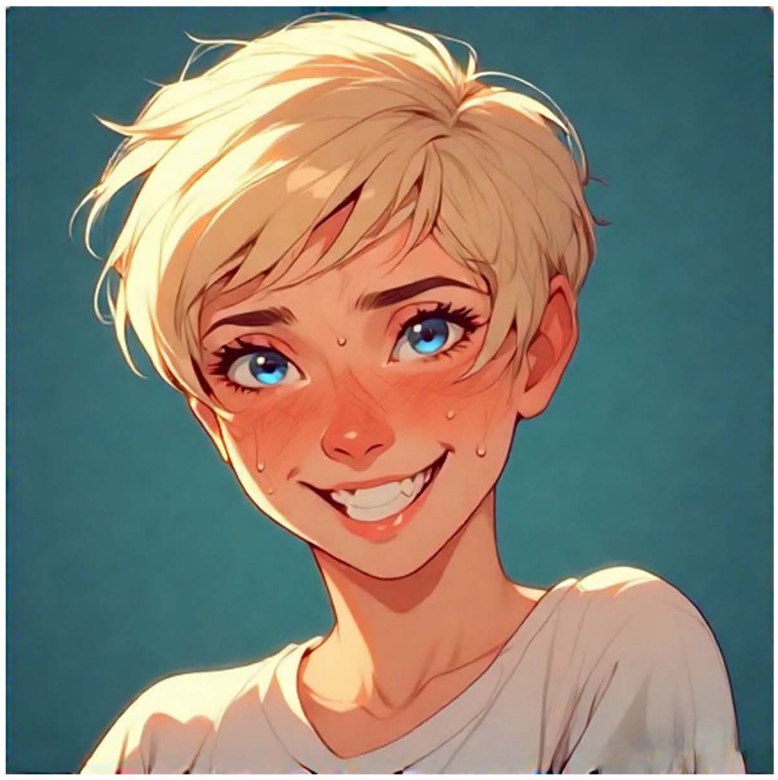
Jason turned as there was another pop and flash just as Illendi tackled the girl again and he felt a weird sort of tickle and the world dissolved into squirting wet ecstasy.

10

Jason came back to the real world. He wasn't in as much as he expected to be. Becca was talking to him. She was flushed and wearing a big stupid grin.

"How are you feeling big guy? You ok?"

Jason took inventory. He was definitely pretty wet downstairs and had a painful, throbbing erection, but he knew it could have been worse. "Must have just grazed me. How about you?"



"I am utterly fantastic! Holy shit, I'm fabulous!"

"Aw jeeze. Cut it out." He saw the girl Goozy floating in the air in a fetal position. Her tattoo was somehow gone and now she just looked naked, pink and vulnerable. Illendi was holding her gun trained on her.

“Hey!” called Jason, “What are you going to do to her?!? Does she get the death penalty for this?”

Illendi lowered the gun and looked aghast at him. “Death penalty? Do you think I would kill her? What kind of ***barbarian*** do you take me for?”

Becca was still in her happy place but managed to ask, “Then what are you going to do?”

“It’s a space gun! It modulates spacetime. I’m sending her to incarceration in my world.” She raised the gun and took aim at Goozy and pulled the trigger. A pink ray illuminated her and there was a soft humming sound. The girl twisted and folded in directions that shouldn't exist and then wasn't there anymore. Illendi turned back toward Jason and Becca. "She'll take some years in training. We'll teach her to be smart rather than just crafty. I started out a lot like her, perhaps she'll end up an Auditor. ”

“You were a criminal? ” asked Becca.

“I was a child. In our world we believe that youth must rebel and we make room for it in the structure of our civilization. Harassing primitive timelines and importing xenolitic goods steps beyond normal rebellion and requires special disciplining. ”

Jason slowly sat up. he felt all sticky, but there was not much discomfort. He had gotten off easy. Pun intended I guess. The painful erection had subsided. “So, are you all done? ” he asked Illendi.

"It would seem so.” She pulled off the t-shirt and the skirt and then undid the strings of the bikini and let it drop to the floor.

“What the hell!? ” exclaimed Becca.

“Ow! ” said Jason with his hand on his crotch. “I didn't need that.”

“Mass that I don’t want to carry home. I thank you both for your help.” She favored them with one more beautiful smile as she floated upward, touched her collar and vanished.

Becca and Jason took turns washing up, collected up Illendi’s discarded clothing and split.

Becca actually convinced Jason to have a salad instead of pizza at the sandwich shop. “Maybe you can be a little more trim the next time a bombshell from another dimension comes along.” she teased.

He ignored the quip. “I guess we can’t talk about this, huh?”

“Oh so what? We saw each other cum!”

Jason’s cheeks colored slightly and he grinned despite himself. “Not that, retard! About Illendi!”

“You were planning on talking about it? That’s a story that no one would buy in a comic book? Bikini babe in a space helmet chasing a juvenile delinquent!” She shoveled another fork full of greens into her mouth. “Get serious” she mumbled through her food.

When Becca arrived home, she found a note from her roommates. They had gone to the movies and Chinese. “Well, this is just perfect!” she thought.

She pulled it out of her pocket. Illendi had knocked it from Goozy’s grasp after she shot at Jason with it. Becca had scooped it up almost without thinking. It was surprisingly small, about the size and shape of a cigarette.

“Hello my new best friend!”

The End